

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THAN GIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER

THE RESTORATION OF THE ERRING

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SHARED

I said it in the meadow path,
I say it on the mountain stairs,—
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze,
The light without us and within,
Life with its unlocked treasures,
God's riches are for all to win.

The grass is softer to my tread
For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild-rose red
Because she makes the whole world sweet!

Into your heavenly loneliness
Ye welcomed me, O mountain peaks!
And me in every guest you bless
Who reverently your mystery seeks.

And up the radiant peopled way
That opens into worlds unknown,
It will be life's delight to say,
"Heaven is not heaven for me alone!"

—Lucy Larcom.

*Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are
spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; con-
sidering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one
another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. GAL. vi,
1-2.*

The divine character of the New Testament
is shown in nothing more signally than in the
ground from which it views sin. It speaks sternly;
but it looks upon this world of temptation and
these frail human hearts of ours in a large, real
way. It accepts the existence of sin as a fact,
without affecting to be shocked or startled;
assumes that it must needs be that offenses
come; and deals with them in a large, noble way,
as the results of a disease which should be, and
can be, cured.

Sin may sometimes be the result of a surprise,
as if circumstances had suddenly tripped a man
up. But not all sins are of this character. There
are some which are in accordance with the
general bent of our disposition. We have no
right there to lay the blame on circumstances;
we are to accept the penalty as a severe warning,
meant to show what was in our hearts.

Then there are still other sins of a different
character. It seems as if it were not in us to com-
mit them. You were going quietly on your way,
thinking no evil; suddenly temptation for which
you were not prepared, presented itself; before
you knew it, you were in the dust,—fallen. No
one, knowing human nature, will deny that this
might befall even a brave and true man. St.
Peter was both; yet this was his history.

Every one of us admits the truth of this in his
own case. Looking back to past life, one feels
that the errors which have most terribly deter-
mined his destiny were the result of mistake.
Inexperience, a hasty promise, excess of trust,
have been fearfully chastised. There may be
some undue tenderness to ourselves when we
thus palliate the past; still, a great part of such
extenuation is only justice.

The Bible requires that we should judge others
by the same rule by which we judge ourselves.
What we plead in our own case we should admit
in the case of others. In this or that case which
you judge so harshly, believe that the heart, in
its depths, did not by preference love what is
hateful; simply admit that such an one may
have been overtaken in a fault. This is the large
law of charity.

Again, the apostle considers fault as that which has left a burden on the erring spirit. "Bear ye one another's burdens."

One burden laid on fault is that chain of entanglement which seems to drag down to fresh sins. One fault leads to another, and crime to crime. Add to this the burden of the heart weighing on itself. The human heart is like the millstone, which, if there be wheat beneath it, will grind to purposes of health; if not, will grind still, but on itself. So does the heart wear itself out.

Still another burden of sin is an intuitive consciousness of the hidden sins of others' hearts. This is the worst burden that comes from transgression,—loss of faith in human goodness.

But Christian restoration is possible. "Ye which are spiritual, restore such a one." Restoration is, of course, the work of God, but instrumentally it is the work of men. God has given to man the power of elevating his brother man. It is in his power to restore his brother or to hinder his restoration. This is through sympathy and through forgiveness. The forgiveness of man is an echo and an earnest of God's forgiveness. The man whom society will not forgive nor restore is driven into recklessness. The degrading power of severity, the restoring power of pardon, are vested in the Christian community.

The Gospel is the declaration of God's sympathy and God's pardon.

The apostle tells us the spirit in which the restoration of wrongdoers is to be effected and assigns a motive for the doing it. The mode is "in the spirit of meekness." Sin cannot drive out sin. My anger cannot drive out another man's covetousness; my petulance or sneer cannot expel another's extravagance. The meekness of Christ alone has power.

The motive is, "Considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted!" O man or woman,—thou who wouldst be a Pharisee, consider,—O consider thyself, lest thou also be tempted!—*Frederick W. Robertson.*

TWO SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS

September 6, 1757, was the birthday of a French boy, the son of a noble family, who inherited the title Marquis de Lafayette. When he was only twenty years old he became ardently interested in the struggle of our American colonies for political independence, and he came across the Atlantic to offer us a soldier's help. He was received as a volunteer and served gallantly in our Revolutionary War as an army officer under Washington. After returning to France he took a prominent part in the political and military affairs of his own country. In 1824-25 he made

a second journey to America and was received everywhere with hearty enthusiasm. Today, more than twenty towns and cities in the United States bear his name, in remembrance of the romantic story of his generous heroism in our time of need.

September 7, 1533, a girl baby was born in England, destined to become one of the most famous women in history. She was Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of King Henry VIII; for forty-five years she in her turn reigned over England. During her long life men of extraordinary genius were living in her kingdom and doing different kinds of important work for the world. The westward voyages of Sir Walter Raleigh were made during her reign and gave Europe the first intimate knowledge of parts of the region where some of us now live. The name, Virginia, was given in honor of Elizabeth, the virgin queen to whom Sir Walter owed allegiance. About the same time Sir Francis Drake made his own daring voyages, the first English adventures who ever sailed quite around the earth. All sorts of new knowledge and new ideas came into England during the Elizabethan era. Wonderful advances were made in literature; the plays of Shakespeare were written and acted. Elizabeth personally had serious faults, but her long reign was a period of splendid advance for English-speaking people. We, their descendants, are still sharing in its fruits.

A COMMON STONE AND ITS GRAND RELATIONS

One of the most widely distributed of our common rocks is quartz. There are few parts of the country where it may not be found, if there are any ledges or loose stones at all in sight. This commonest of minerals takes different forms and an amazing variety of colors; sometimes it is only a whitish, grayish or brownish stone with no striking beauty; sometimes it takes on such marvelous hues it is no wonder that the writer of the Book of Revelation saw them, in his vision, built into the gleaming walls of the Heavenly City,—jasper, chalcedony, sardonyx, sard, chrysoprase and amethyst (Revelation xxi, 19-20).

In sandstone and in sandy soil most of the fine, clear, glassy looking particles are quartz. The world's supply of glass is manufactured chiefly from such sand or from the silica in it. Granite ledges and boulders show big and little specks of quartz embedded in their mixture of minerals. Some regions give us a chance to see quartz in the more showy form of crystals,—clear, transparent, six-sided bodies with one end (very rarely, both ends) pointed like the tip of

a six-sided pencil. Some of these six-sided crystals of clear, colorless quartz are so beautiful that they are used for jewelry, set in rings and made into necklaces and ear ornaments, though they have very little money value. The most perfect specimens of this sort are found in Brazil and are sometimes called Brazilian diamonds; but they are not diamonds in any true sense of the word.

Sometimes quartz does not take a regular six-sided form, but is found in lumps of no particular shape, the outside perhaps "weathered" into grayness, but the inside as clear as sparkling water. That kind is called rock crystal. It is often found in the uplands of our Appalachian mountain states and among the Rockies. The finest spectacle lenses and lenses for telescopes and microscopes are cut from this rock crystal. Great quantities of this material have been found in India; native princes in that country are proud to have pieces of it carved into candlesticks and chandeliers and all sorts of glittering ornaments for their gorgeous palaces.

Quartz is one of the hardest of minerals; an ordinary jackknife will not make a scratch on it. The hardest of its varieties is called flint. In our great-grandfathers' time, before the invention of friction matches, people used to light a fire or a pipe from the tiny sparks produced by striking a piece of flint with a steel knife-blade.

The semi-precious stone called amethyst, with its lovely violet and lilac hues, is a crystalline quartz to which nature has added the touch of exquisite color. People with observant eyes find amethysts in many parts of this country; Georgia and North Carolina are rich in specimens. Comparatively few have any money value, for jewelers use only the most perfect; but an amethyst of third or fourth quality is a delight to the eye of a collector. Rose quartz has a charming pink color, as fine in its way as the amethyst.

Agate and carnelian are quartz of a non-crystalline kind, where the stone shows several different colors in stripes or layers. Those with reddish tones are generally called carnelian, and specimens that show grays, browns and black are oftener called agate. There are a few particularly wonderful agates where tiny streaks of a contrasting color are seen through a mass of another color, looking like threads of moss; those specimens are called moss agate.

In ancient times, when writing was an art practiced only by specially trained scholars, a man of wealth and importance often signed his letters with a design or pattern made exclusively for himself; the design (either a tiny picture or a decorative figure), was delicately cut with special tools on the surface of a bit of chalcedony or sardonyx or amethyst, and could, whenever necessary, be pressed on the surface of a bit of hot wax stuck to the parchment or paper. The

cooled wax held the imprint permanently and plainly. The carving of individual seals was work that called for artistic taste as well as for manual skill. Museums in many parts of the world now treasure such seals, centuries and centuries old, once owned by earls and emperors.

Wonderfully beautiful ornaments called cameos, for setting in rings and necklaces, were in ancient times patiently carved from pieces of agate and carnelian. The artist cut away the larger bulk of an upper layer of one color, leaving only the particular parts that he needed to form his design; and the next lower strip of color was left to form a contrasting background. Men of royal families were glad to own the best cameos.

And all these were only distinguished specimens of the common quartz rock that we see by our own country roadsides.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When anyone writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICE

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things or benefited by the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink, not simply with a pencil.

REQUESTS

1. I am a lonely widow with three children, one girl aged eleven and boys aged nine and six. We have a very hard time. Good books or reading suitable for the children and cloth remnants for quilts would be highly appreciated. My pastor is Rev. J. W. Condill. Mrs. Mollie Weaver, Bina, North Carolina.

2. I am a girl of fourteen years. I would like to get any good reading, also pieces for my quilt, if anyone will send them. Minnie Hollandsworth, Dodson, Virginia.

3. I have not written in a long time; have been sick. I will be glad to get some magazines

to pass the time. Would be glad to have *Munsey's* or any good book; and I would like to get some silk and velvet scraps. Thank you for past favors. I am seventy-two years old. Mrs. Bettie A. Shink, Elamsville, Virginia.

4. A friend of mine gave me two copies of the *Cheerful Letter*. I enjoyed reading them very much. We are poor farmers and do not own any land. Please send me some good reading, such as books and magazines. And will you please send my two little girls some cards and picture books? They are two years and eight months old. Mrs. Pearl Ballins, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, Box 17.

5. I would be very glad to receive some books and magazines. I have three such young children I cannot get out much. My oldest was three years old last month and the youngest is four months; all three are just babies. I would be so glad to have some pictures and little books that would interest the two older ones. Mrs. E. R. Bryant, Fieldale, Virginia.

6. I am a young mother with one baby boy, Monroe, aged two years. I would appreciate good reading and some scraps for a quilt. My little boy would like postcards and picture books. Mrs. G. A. Ratliff, Bassett, Virginia.

7. I would greatly appreciate books and magazines, as I dearly love to read. And bits of embroidery thread would be appreciated, too. This is a thinly settled neighborhood and I get very lonesome. Miss Addie Eanes, Bassett, Virginia, Route 1.

8. We are two little girls, aged nine and seven. We would be thankful for any kind of story or picture books and for postal cards. Sarah and Margaret Huddleston, care of W. R. Huddleston, Farmville, Virginia, Box 180.

9. Mrs. Leon Carter, Timmons ville, South Carolina, Box 94, asks for the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

10. Webster's dictionary is wanted by Sadie Whless, Timmons ville, South Carolina, Box 262.

11. Mrs. Kate E. Gilley, Spencer, Virginia, Route 3, will appreciate good reading. She has recently lost two sisters and is very lonely.

12. I live with my mother, seventy-five years of age, and my health is bad. I cannot walk out often. My pastor's address is Rev. John F. Hamiker, Wadesboro, North Carolina. I would be glad of reading and quilt pieces, or letters of cheer. Mrs. Ola Burgess, Ansonville, North Carolina.

13. I am the mother of seven children,—the oldest thirteen years and the youngest eleven months. I am in poor health and am obliged to stay indoors. I would appreciate any good magazine for mothers, and quilt scraps or bits of wool for crocheting. I will give as reference, Rev. W. A. Patten, Lansing, North Carolina. I would be very glad to have a regular correspond-

ent. Mrs. Ella Weaver, Lansing, North Carolina.

14. You have been so good to me in the past for which I do thank you much more than you know! I am going to ask if you can help me to get a late dictionary; and I would like so much to get a good book on synonyms, it would be such a help and pleasure for me. Please help me if you can. I will also ask you now not to forget me—if you can send them,—some good novels for the long winter evenings. I would be glad to get them near Christmas time. Please do not think me selfish,—but I have to get all my pleasures from books. Books are my friends. Thank you most earnestly. Mrs. M. Bates, 1409 Des Moines St., Des Moines, Iowa.

15. I should like to read "Victory Law"; it came out in the *Ladies' Home Journal* several years ago,—I think probably someone would kindly lend me a copy. The *Ladies' Home Journal* or the *Woman's World* for 1922 would be a great pleasure. Annabel Blair, Roxboro, North Carolina, Route 5, Box 34.

16. I wish to thank the *Cheerful Letter* society for the good reading they have sent me in the past. If it is not asking too much I wish someone would send me a book written by ex-president Roosevelt. I want it for my mother to read; she has been sick five months. She will be eighty-four in September and can't do anything but read. She doesn't enjoy just any kind of reading. A book written about Roosevelt would be greatly appreciated. Mother and I live alone, and she is left by herself so much. Thank you in advance. Miss Lina Thomas, Elamsville, Virginia.

17. Miss Fannie Wright, Dodson, Virginia, care of W. A. Via, asks for a Bible in large print.

18. Don Johnson, Ben Hur, Arkansas, a lad of eighteen, asks for the *Youth's Companion*.

19. I would be glad of some reading for myself and two girls, aged nineteen and seventeen. They would love to have "Tempest and Sunshine," "Lena Rivers," "English Orphans," or any good magazine. We have moved among strangers. The name of our clergyman is J. G. L. Hosh, Endicott, Virginia. Mrs. Annie L. Thomas, Springwood, Virginia.

20. Miss Pattie Jefferson, Elamsville, Virginia, will be glad of crochet or knitting cotton.

21. A Bible is asked for by Mrs. Grace Creasman, Decatur, Tennessee, Route 4.

22. Mrs. Homer Turner, Elamsville, Virginia, a young married woman with three little children, living in a new neighborhood, asks for pictures for the kiddies and magazines for herself.

23. Mrs. C. J. Nolen, Elamsville, Virginia, is grateful for what has been sent her. As it has been a long while since she has received anything, she hopes friends will not forget her this winter.

24. Could someone send me "The Kings of Israel and Judah; their history explained to children," or anything that would interest young or old readers? I would appreciate the "Life and Deeds of Gen. U. S. Grant." Mrs. J. M. Debord, Grassy Creek, North Carolina.

25. I am an invalid, and for years I was much indebted to the *Cheerful Letter* for books and other literature. As I am confined to the house permanently, I would like to be restored to the mailing list, especially for scientific, historical and research literature. Geographical and astronomical subjects are particularly desired. Fred Osborne, Athens, Texas.

26. I am a girl thirteen years old, in the sixth grade. I would like very much to receive good reading suitable for a girl my age. Lucile McGehee, Vulcan, Virginia.

27. I am thirteen years old and cannot get the reading that I would like to have, so I would be so thankful if some of you would remember me. I would also like to have some girl of my own age write to me. Minnie S. Whaling, Dodson, Patrick Co., Virginia.

28. I am living in a desolate place, on account of my husband's health being so bad. He is now off on a furlough; he is a World War soldier and still in the service. I would like to receive the *True Story Magazine* and the *National Magazine* after someone else is through with them, beginning with the July numbers. I have three children,—Ruth, ten years old, Charles, Jr., four, and Robert Lee, two years old; and I have one of my sister's sons with me, as his father is dead,—Roy Throckmorton, aged fifteen. I would appreciate reading matter that anyone can send me suitable for the children. Mrs. Charles Hagedorn, Faber, Nelson Co., Virginia, Route 2.

29. Mrs. Alma Gearhart, Langley, Washington, Route 1, writes: We have a Study Club here and find it hard to get the help we need. Just now we are studying American literature, and will be so glad of any assistance you may be able to give us.

30. Mrs. Wynona Field, Pittsfield, Maine, Route 3, Box 35 (recently from Detroit), will be glad of reading. She has lost addresses, and takes this way of thanking those who have sent her books and magazines.

31. Mrs. R. C. Duval, Rhoadesville, Virginia, one of our early friends, comes now asking for suitable reading for her grandchildren, Margaret and Billy Dickenson, Fredericksburg, Virginia, Route 1. Margaret is seven years old, in the fourth grade; Billy is five. Mrs. Duval adds: "Your literature was always such a help in our large family."

Quilt scraps are asked for by Mrs. Nannie Carter, Riceville, Tennessee, Route 2, Box 41; Mrs. George Roberson, Elamsville, Virginia, Box

32; Mrs. Sarah J. Koger, Sanville, Virginia; Mrs. Lucinda Hensley, Spencer, Virginia, Route 1, Box 35; Mrs. Eula M. Holland, Bassett, Virginia; Miss Sarah Traywick, Marshville, North Carolina, Route 4, and Mrs. W. S. Thomas, Polkton, North Carolina, Route 2.

OUR EVERYDAY DISHES

It is interesting to think now and then how other people have planned and worked, to get ready for us the common plates and cups and saucers that we use on our dinner tables.

There are still a few parts of the world where nobody has yet learned to make pottery and earthenware. In other parts of the world the art has been known and practised for thousands of years. Explorers in Syria and Egypt, Greece and Asia Minor, have found among the ruins of the most ancient cities fragments of bowls and jars, used so long ago that we can hardly imagine so distant a time. People who moved about from place to place, living in temporary camps, were, of course, not likely to make such conveniences for themselves; but they sometimes traded with village folk, exchanging the kinds of property which they did have. Perhaps even Sarah, the wife of Abraham, had two or three treasured dishes of her own, and used them for the hospitable meal described in the old story (Genesis xviii; 1-8). She and Abraham were traveled people. They had lived both in Chaldea and in Egypt and must have seen a good deal of town customs.

If the ground around our own homes is clayey, we know for ourselves about its persistent stickiness when wet and its extreme hardness when dried by the sun. Observations of that sort were what gave their bright ideas to the first makers both of building bricks and of earthen dishes. A very little experience soon proved that simple sun-drying could not be depended upon for permanent use. It answered so long as everything kept dry; but moisture reduced the best shaped bricks to mud. The drying process had to be made much more thorough; indeed, there had to be some heat fierce enough, and long enough continued, not merely to drive out all the water from a mass of pasty clay, but actually to make some of the earthy materials melt and act as a binder of the rest of the materials. Different people in different parts of the world have for ages been experimenting and practising along that line, until now practically all civilized peoples have their own established methods of pottery making.

In some parts of the world there are natural banks or beds of clay so fine and so pure that it needs comparatively little cleaning before it is modeled into shape. In other places the only

available clay is coarse and dark, fit only for common building bricks and coarse flower-pots. In any case the natural clay is "washed" thoroughly, to remove as much as possible of the dirt and rubbish; this is done by stirring it with an extra large quantity of water till it is like a thick cream, and passing it through strainers. The liquid clay is allowed to become partially dry, perhaps to about the consistency of a soft cake dough. The material is then ready to be shaped.

Plates are formed with the use of a very few simple tools, while the soft stuff rests on a flat circular table known as the potter's wheel. The wheel is continually turning, so all parts of the plate get the same handling and pressure, and its outline comes out a perfect circle, without the uneven dents and bulges which would result from hand-shaping on an ordinary table. Cups and pitchers are shaped in molds, the handles being made separately and stuck in place while the clay is still moist and soft.

Each article is allowed to become partly dry; then it is given a glaze, or finishing coat, of another substance which will make the surface more smooth and glossy than the simple clay itself. Then it is "fired,"—that is, baked for a certain number of hours at a certain very high temperature, in a special kind of oven called a kiln. Some kinds of earthenware have two or three firings,—perhaps one before the application of the glaze and one after it.

The surface glazing practically makes the great difference between porous earthenware like common flower-pots and our breakfast plates. If the edge of a plate, for example, has a bit of the glaze accidentally chipped off, one can readily observe how much less smooth and fine the material is under the glaze. If the glaze gets badly cracked (perhaps through leaving a plate too long in a hot oven) we all know how grease is likely to sink through the cracks into the porous material below the openings, making ugly dark streaks that can never be scrubbed away. Such dishes are likely to take on a permanently greasy smell. Then we realize what an advantage the unbroken glaze is, keeping all grease away from the porous clay and so making our plates and dishes last year after year, daintily clean.

The ornamental figures and patterns in color that give table ware an added prettiness are sometimes painted by hand; but that process is too slow and costly for the commoner, everyday things. Decoration is usually put on by machinery,—stamped or transferred by a sort of printing process, somewhat as patterns are printed on percale and on wall paper. Sometimes the decorating is done and fired before any glaze goes on; then the glazing and a second firing finish the piece. Sometimes the decoration is put on over the glaze and set by an additional firing. Probably we have all seen plates whose pretty bor-

ders have partly worn off with repeated washing, though the glaze remains perfect. That shows the ornamental pattern was put on over the glaze and not sufficiently protected. Of course each additional process in the manufacture increases cost; so, in the effort to keep the ware inexpensive, it is sometimes put on the market with this liability.

Glass ware is made chiefly out of silica, the substance that we find in the fine, clear, glittering grains of sand. The silica has to be mixed with limestone and certain chemicals, and melted into a thick, pasty sort of liquid.

The finer and more delicate glass tumblers are "blown." A workman takes a bit of the hot, molten stuff on the end of a slender, hollow tube, and blows it into a bubble, somewhat as a child blows a bubble with a pipistem and a drop of soapy water. But the glass bubble can be made to take various shapes before it cools. One part can be pressed against a solid support and flattened to form the tumbler's base; the parts adjoining the base can by expert handling be made straight-up-and-down or flaring; the upper portion of the bubble can be cut off with suitable tools, while the material is still both tough and plastic. Cheaper tumblers, of thicker, heavier glass, are pressed in molds, where the hot liquid finds just a shell of space to be filled. As soon as the glass has taken the desired form and is partially cooled, the mold is removed. Both this kind and the blown tumblers have to go through additional processes of annealing or tempering, so that they may be able to stand a reasonable variety of heat and cold.

Our ancestors over in Europe, even so recently as three hundred years ago, never enjoyed the luxury of such table ware as we use every day. China and glass used to be found only in the homes of the rich and great. Wooden plates and bowls and spoons were in ordinary use. Well-to-do housekeepers in 1922 are getting the advantage of centuries of wise planning by other people's brains and painstaking work by other people's hands.

DON'T TOUCH

These autumn days you will go to gather autumn leaves; you will delight in the scarlets of the maples and sumachs, and the purples and browns of oak and ash, and the pale yellow of the birches and ferns. Now, in the thick swamps or on the dry uplands you will find a sumach so much more splendid, so much more graceful, so highly colored, so dazzlingly red, that you will think you must carry home great handfuls of it. (I did,—that is how I know.) Now do not touch these leaves, nor go too near the tree; but see that while the harmless sumachs by the road-

sides and in the field corner have *downy branches and stalks*, and close clusters of globular crimson fruits, this beautiful, dangerous poison sumach will be *smooth* in its stalk and will have *loose* clusters of greenish-white berries. It is beautiful to see, but poisonous to the touch of nearly everybody.

Another beautiful thing to be seen with admiration, but never touched, is the "poison ivy" vine. Its wreaths of scarlet and crimson, clinging to a roadside fence or draping themselves around a tree-trunk in the woods, are among the most gorgeous of autumn splendors. The poison ivy looks so much like innocent woodbine (also red and crimson in the fall) that some people gather it for bouquets and have painful reason to be sorry afterwards. But there is an easy way of distinguishing the two vines; the harmless woodbine has its leaves in groups of *five*, while the poisonous ivy has its similar leaves in groups of *three*. Remember this test and you are safe.

For myself I have no doubt that too much advice is usually given. It is only the word in season that can be of any avail, and the word in season seldom or never comes to those whose minds are constantly harrowed up and irritated by words out of season.—*John Learned*.

A man with a fishing-pole sat on the river bank near the Atchison waterworks. "How many have you caught?" someone asked him. "When I get another I'll have one," he replied.—*Kansas City Star*.

A young lady took down the receiver and discovered that the telephone was in use. "I just put on a pan of beans for dinner," she heard one woman inform another. She hung up the receiver and waited. Three times she tried the line, and then, exasperated, she broke into the conversation. "Madam, I smell your beans burning." All she heard was an excited "Good-by" and the click of the receiver upon the hook. Then the young lady put in her call.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

THE GODDESS OF THE NIGHT

Hundreds of years ago, before men in general knew about the one God Who is our Father, they realized that there were in the universe mysterious powers far greater than their own, deciding things and making things happen. They had an idea there must be a great number of spirits or "gods," taking charge of different kinds of affairs; but they thought of the gods as no better

than human beings, quarreling with each other, often doing mean and spiteful things, needing to be coaxed and flattered by anybody who wanted favors from them.

When the sun was high in the sky, they said that Apollo, the god of day, was riding in his fiery chariot. When the silvery moon rose, that belonged to Apollo's sister, the goddess Diana, lovely ruler of the cool and quiet night.

Sculptors in Athens and Rome used to carve statues of Diana to stand in certain temples where people went to pray for her favor. Nobody could quite claim to have seen her with his own eyes, so as to know just how she looked, but there were countless stories about how she had been seen in other places and at other times. She was said to appear like a beautiful young woman, carrying a bow in her hand and having a quiver full of arrows slung over her shoulder,—a tall, athletic figure, sometimes with a pack of hounds running alongside, sometimes with a pet stag. She was supposed to take a special, protecting interest in hunters; and in those days most country men and boys had to be hunters, anyway, while others practised the use of the bow as a sport. Naturally, Diana had troops of worshippers.

When, after several dark, moonless nights, a boy spied the slender crescent of the new moon in the sunset sky, he thought, "Diana has come back! There is the silver bow she takes to go a-hunting!"

The moon goddess had faithful friends,—so the old stories declared,—among the nymphs or spirits of the woods and fields. One of those, being a great chatterbox, displeased a goddess-rival of Diana, and, as a punishment, had taken away from her the power to begin any talk. All she could do was to reply. The nymph's name was Echo. People never could get a satisfactory glimpse of her, but they often heard her answering their own shouts and calls, when they were out in the woods!

The moon goddess herself was proud and shy, very seldom coming into any intimate friendship with mortals. She did once fall in love with a famous hunter named Orion; but, by cruel accident, one of her own silver arrows wounded and killed him. Sorrowful Diana did all she could to pay honor to her lost lover; she placed him in the sky among the stars. To this very day a certain large group, or constellation, of stars is known by his name. We do not see Orion every night in the year, but when he is in sight, almost everybody knows his gleaming belt, made by three brilliant stars set closely in a row.

Almost nineteen hundred years ago, while St. Paul was traveling and teaching in what is now the Asiatic part of Turkey, he spent some time in the old city of Ephesus. There stood a magnificent temple to Diana, the most splendid thing

of its kind in the whole world. People used to travel long distances on camels or on donkeys, or on their own tired feet, to visit that special temple, and pray to Diana for her help in all sorts of difficulties. Thousands of such pilgrims used to spend, at the shops of the Ephesus silversmiths, the hard-earned money which they had brought with them, for little silver models of a famous statue of Diana in the city temple, and sometimes for little silver models of the temple itself. Those they carried home as good-luck

charms. Paul (who, you remember, had been brought up on the Ten Commandments, and who never believed such fanciful stories about a moon-goddess), spoke his mind vigorously as to the uselessness and foolishness of that sort of superstition, compared with dependence on the one true God. If you want to recall the exciting story of certain uproarious doings at Ephesus just then, look up the report in your Bible,—the nineteenth chapter of the book of the Acts of the Apostles.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters, and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc., also letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions directly under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music and letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 354 East 30th Street, New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th Street, New York City.

There is more and more interest in "community" or neighborhood singing.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and eighteen libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.